

# Remembrance

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Summary: Slightly AU. Rather than a horde of Elites being the downfall of Noble Six, there was one, incredibly skilled swordsman who finished off the "Hyper-lethal Vector."

## 1. Victory and Defeat

Hello, and welcome to my first foray into the realm of fanfiction. Thank you for viewing my first story on the site. I am not a shareholder in Bungie, 343 Industries or Microsoft, so I own no rights to the Halo franchise whatsoever. However, this is just one thing I wanted to have on the site, seeing as I have yet to see a story of this plotline.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Remembrance<em>\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>He looked down upon them. He looked down upon his men, and the demon slaughtering them. He looked down with disgust, and a grudging respect. He looked down with disgust upon the demon. 'Filthy, disgusting animal,' he thought. The grudging respect came from how it so efficiently decimated his forces.<p>

He could no longer simply observe the slaughter of his forces. He opened a comm channel, and announced to all, "Fall back. I will put this demon down myself. I have yet to see a worthy challenge on this accursed planet."

\* \* \*

><p>Noble Six knew something was wrong. Covenant <em>never<em> retreat. Especially not the fanatic Elites.

But they were.

They were retreating at full speed, as if from a demon. Six allowed an inward chuckle at that, turning about and looking down at the weapon in hand. The Spartan knew of the threat level given by ONI to the "Hyper-lethal Vector." It seems the Noble had established a reputation amongst the Covenant on Reach, as well.

When Six next looked up, a look of surprise crossed the young Spartan's face, completely unnoticeable due to the polarized faceplate. A lone Elite, in black armor similar to that of a Minor, was approaching. It was walking toward the Spartan at a slow, deliberate pace. Six, perplexed by this yet unseen behavior, merely watched the fanatical alien approach.

\* \* \*

><p>'This is most unusual. Why has the demon not yet attacked?' This thought ran through his mind as the demon became more vivid through the now swirling dust. 'Surely I have been seen by now.'<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Six, who was still perplexed by the Elite's behavior, came to a sudden realization. The Spartan was tired. This translated into a noticeable slump in the soldier's posture. Noble Team was no more. Another team of Spartans lost. Another failure. 'No. I got that AI out. That was a success.'<p>

'But at what cost?'

\* \* \*

><p>'I was hoping for a good fight,' he thought. He then pulled out two Energy Swords, dropped one at the demon's feet, and back away a few paces.<p>

"I suppose I have one more good fight left in me," it said. He allowed himself a mental grin.

Both of the warriors settled into a ready stance, and ignited their swords. Neither moved for a few moments. The demon made the first move, lunging forward in an attempt to stab him through his thoracic cage. He simply dived to the side, and rolled to regain his footing quickly. He swiftly made his approach, and made a powerful diagonal swipe down to the right. The demon ducked under it, and again attempted a stab at him, which was deflected by his energy gauntlet. The Sangheili and demon waged their battle, back and forth, offensive and defensive, for several minutes with neither gaining any headway. A few nicks were gained on both sides, but nothing enough to slow down the fighters.

After several more bouts, he finally got enough to remove the left hand of the demon. This did little in the end, as the very nature of the sword cauterized the new wound, and it was not the dominant hand of the demon. 'Finally, a challenge,' he thought. He had only ever seen the lowly Jiralhanae fight through severe and debilitating injuries. And he would never stoop so low as to seek out a fight with those treacherous dogs.

A few more bouts, and he received a light gash in his abdominal area. This actually slowed him, momentarily. The endorphins had yet to be released into his system to numb the pain. For this, he received another shallow slash across his arm. Luckily for him, he was ambidextrous, and so had no problem switching hands while waiting for his natural painkiller.

Another twenty bouts of stalemate passed, until he managed to disarm the demon with a twist of the sword in his hand.

\* \* \*

><p>'I lost,' were the two words that ran through Six's mind upon being disarmed. It was over. Here, on this abandoned plain, on an abandoned planet, one of the most skilled Spartans would die, forced to remain unknown to the galaxy. 'I will not be forgotten!' Six protested at the notion. And so, the defeated Spartan did what first came to mind, and removed the battered helmet.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>He simply stared as the demon removed the helmet. He had never seen the face of one. Not alive, anyway.<p>

He was somewhat disappointed and shocked to see that this demon looked remarkably plain. It was so similar to all the other ilk, he was rather taken aback that it had put up the fight it did. Then, it spoke.

\* \* \*

><p>"I have two requests of you, Elite." The alien looked rather taken aback at this.<p>

"Why should I grant you any requests?" the Elite answered. Clearly he was not used to this, and thought humanity truly lower than him.

"One, is to remember me. I even have a trophy for you, too," Six stated, plainly. The Spartan reached into the collar of the armor adorning the warrior, now battered and beaten, and removed all the dogtags collected during the battle, including the defeated Spartan's own. "I am Alex B-312. The others were my team." At this, the battered Spartan dropped all the dogtags but the sixth. "You personally did not defeat them, and they would wish to stay here. To stay a part of Reach." Six handed the remaining dogtag to the Elite.

"And your second request?" he asked. He seemed to appreciate the idea of a trophy to mark this victory.

\* \* \*

><p>Truth be told, he was genuinely surprised by this. This demon was accepting death. He never knew that to happen. The only human deaths he had seen were of cowards, but, even they may have accepted it mere moments before it claimed them, he realized.<p>

"My second request is to be lucky enough to know the name of my killer, before I die," the demon spoke.

Was that respect he heard in its voice? Again, this came rather unexpected to him. He had only ever heard slander loosed his way by demons' tongues. He took his time before answering the demon.

"I am Thel 'Vadamee, Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice."

"Thank you." At this, the Spartan again slumped. All of the injuries of the past month were catching up. Pain lanced the Spartan's face, as the endorphins and adrenalin began to wear off.

\* \* \*

><p>Thel saw the pain beginning to affect the demon, and decided to put it out of its misery. He had the victory he came for. Anything more would border on dishonorable. He gave it a quick, relatively painless death. Unbeknownst to him, the seeds of doubt had also been planted by this demon. He now looked upon the warriors of the forsaken with a newfound respect. Of course, he could never admit to it, but he could acknowledge the existence of it to himself. In private. Left to himself, he would often catch his hand holding the trophy from his battle against the demon during the pursuit of the escaping human vessel.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>AN: This can either stand as a oneshot, or I can add another chapter based on the reception and reviews this gets. Again, thank you for your time, and constructive criticism is always welcome. As for the conversation, I decided that Thel would have a translator.

## 2. Reflections

Welcome to another chapter of Remembrance. I am still not a shareholder of Microsoft, Bungie, nor 343 Industries. I own nothing but the plot. And the rendition of Six in the previous chapter. I do not own the concept of Noble Six, but I do own the characterization given in the previous chapter. That Six was also meant to be gender ambiguous as well, just in case anyone was confused on that. I don't mean to insult the intelligence of anyone, but you never know, in our world. Anywho, on with the fic!

\* \* \*

><p>Reflection<p>

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><p>Thel was on his way to the control room of the new Halo from the wreckage of what was once High Charity. In the Pelican with him were Master Chief Petty Officer Sierra-117, and AI Construct Cortana. He was in the rear compartment of the Pelican, holding his "Trophy" from Reach. "I'm sorry, Alex,"<p>

"Who's Alex?" boomed a deep voice, from the doorway. Thel was startled at the sudden entrance, and jolted in his seat. He dropped the tags he was holding, and it clattered against his armour.

MCPO Sierra-117 noticed the tags drop from the Arbiter's hand, and moved to inspect.

"Alex is...an old acquaintance of mine. Was, actually..." he trailed off.

"A Spartan...III?" 117 asked, perplexed. He was not aware of another Spartan program ever starting. In the UNSC Army, no less.

"I was not aware of different classifications of Spartan. I had always assumed a Spartan was a Spartan," Thel stated. He was beginning to feel tense being in the same room as the green armoured giant before him.

"Tell me what happened."

Reach happened, Thel wanted to say, simply, but he felt he owed the man before him far better. He owed better to Alex.

"I was a fool," Thel began. "I still had the veil of the Prophets over my eyes. I saw the extermination as righteous. I came to Reach as a conqueror. I came as its destroyer. I saw Alex decimating the forces I had at the time. I could no longer simply observe, so I called my forces back and went to Alex alone. I dueled with the young Spartan. It was a very close duel. Alex lost a hand, and I received two gashes in quick succession. A fairly short time later, I disarmed Alex. I will never forget what the young Spartan did next.

"Alex discarded the helmet, and asked two favors of me. I was genuinely surprised. I had never seen a civil human with one of my kind before. I was asked to remember the Spartan, and so I was given these tags. I was also asked to divulge my name. I answered with, 'I am Thel 'Vadamee, Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice.'" Thel took a moment to collect himself before continuing, "From that day, I realize, I had a new respect for humanity. Had I never faced Alex, the second Halo ring may very well have fired. My greatest regret is facing, and killing Alex. I understand it helped lead me where I am, but I wish the Spartan had not needed to die for it.

"I formerly carried and wore these tags as a trophy from that battle. I now wear them as a reminder of my sins."

All the while, Chief had remained passive. Behind the polarized visor of his helmet, Thel had no chance of deciphering the Spartan's mood, or reaction. There was nothing to give anything away.

"Spartan?" Thel queried, growing more nervous again.

Chief continued to remain silent, and passive. Finally, he shifted, and before turning to re-enter the cockpit of the Pelican, said, "You gained my respect as a fighter quite a while ago."

With that, Chief entered the cockpit and took his seat in the pilot's chair.

\* \* \*

><p>Halo was collapsing all around them. The firing sequence was

nearly completed. Thel, though remaining silent, harbored slight doubt of making it in time. "Spartan..." he began, but was interrupted.<p>

"We'll make it." Thel envied the confidence he showed. His only confidence was that he would die, as he had been told so many times. As they began the last descent before the Dawn, Chief said to Thel, "Call me John."

"As you wish."

\* \* \*

><p>As Thel made his descent towards the ocean, a single thought crossed his mind regarding a certain Spartan, with such a plain name.<p>

'I never did see what John looked like.'

\* \* \*

><p>Years later, Thel would be found in his home, with his young son Alex, regaling the tale of his success and failures. His battles alongside the Chief. 'How different this setting would be, had I never spent time among humans. They have much more functional families as a whole.'

"The last thing he told me was to call him by his name. John."

"Father," Alex began, "If he was such an amazing warrior, why was I not named for him?"

"You are dissatisfied with your name?"

"I do not know where it came from. I do not mean to offend."

"You are named for the Spartan who, in defeat, opened my eyes to the universe. Were it not for your namesake, we may never have come to where we are. We may not have become one of the odd Sangheili families."

"That's another thing I noticed, Father. I never see the other families as tightly woven as we are."

"That is because they continue to cling to older ways. I have spent enough time among humans to understand a strong concept of family. I believe that is one way they managed to turn the war. Their sense of unity. The Old Covenant was far too divided to face any truly skilled foe."

"I'm glad for that, Father."

"Another reason I did not name you after John is because I never saw his face, unlike with your namesake."

"Really?" young Alex asked.

"Yes, son. I have actually come to associate the face of your namesake with the face of humanity." Thel was amused by his son's

constant bombardment of questions. He never bothered to instill a sense of blind loyalty. That would just lead to problems.

He also enjoyed the questions, because they showed a high curiosity taking root. Studying humans provided that this was not a hindrance, as he had originally been taught, but rather a showing of desire to learn. However, it was late, and they needed rest for the coming day. The Ambassador had a trip to Earth leaving tomorrow.

"Son," Thel stated.

"Yes, Father?"

"I believe it is time I take you to Earth with me. You are old enough to go, now. And it will be an excellent learning experience for you. Now, off to bed."

"Thank you, Father."

"Thank you, Alex."

\* \* \*

><p>AN: This was a lot harder to write than chapter one. I honestly believe that this is of a lower quality. Eh. I'll let the viewers decide. The last part with Thel and his son was a spur of the moment thing. In Halo 3, so many Sangheili would proclaim they would name their sons after John. I decided to make Thel the oddball. I also decided to make him the most likely Sangheili ambassador, as well, giving him knowledge of typical human family structure. And, being the ambassador for the Sangheili, living more like humans would give even greater understanding of them, and allow for more efficient negotiations. That, and he liked the more united family structure. The understanding part is just a political excuse (damn politics). I'm considering giving young Alex a story, now. Damn plot bunnies. They just never stop coming.

A/N:2: I have an insane amount of writer's block as far as the story of young Alex is concerned. In addition, I am also working on another fic where I do not have writer's block to this insane degree. It is not a Halo fic, so I'm sorry to disappoint anyone in that department. It is actually a Devil May Cry and ATLA crossover fic. To those who check this update with hopes of more story, I'm terribly sorry. I have none for the time being. If I can find inspiration to write Alex's story, it will be in a separate fic. This one is as finished as it will ever be, in my eyes. Thank you for your time.

End  
file.